PASTOR EVANGELICUS:

A

POEM,

BY OBADIAH TITHEPIG.

WITH

NOTES,

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR:

FORMING

A COMPLETE VADE MECUM

FOR

YOUNG MINISTERS.

Duplex libelli dos est———

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

TO ALL

PARISH CLERKS

THROUGHOUT HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

TO you, Gentlemen, as the beſt Judges of harmonious Verſification in theſe Realms, I beg leave to have the honor of Dedicating the Production of a departed Genius,

 THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THE Editor conſiders himſelf obliged to ſatisfy, as far as he can, the public curioſity, with ſome account of the Ingenious Author of the following Poem. It were difficult to ſay whether his Modeſty or Ingenuity is moſt conſpicuous in the method he has taken of informing the Reader, that he was himſelf a Member of the Church; which he doth by uſing the term "Brother," in the beginning of his Work. He was indeed ſuch a Clergyman as we ſhall ſcarcely ſee again! If it be praiſe-worthy in a Teacher, that his

own

own conduct and his precepts agree, the amiable Deceaſed was moſt juſtly entitled to the office of an Inſtructor. He kept invariably to thoſe rules he had laid down for others; therefore, inſtead of deſcribing him in common life, or the exerciſe of his function, it is only neceſſary to tell the courteous Reader, that in his Poem he hath delineated himſelf; alone ſufficient to render it curious and intereſting, as a faithful Portrait of one who was verily an Ornament to his Profeſſion:—But as a Syſtem of information, and a compendious guide for thoſe who wiſh to excel in Deſk and Pulpit, it may ſafely be pronounced invaluable. The Manuſcript came into the Editor's poſſeſſion on the lamented demiſe of the Elegant Writer, who

prepared

prepared to quit this ſcene of folly with inimitable compoſure; affording an inſtance of "the ruling Paſſion, ſtrong in death;" for he expired muttering a Couplet, expreſſive of his wiſh that the Editor ſhould take care of his Remains, by which, no doubt, he meant his writings, for he had too ſublime a mind to think of his mortal part at that moment. This was the cauſe, however, of a little accident which neither he nor the Editor foreſaw; the Body of the former was ſeized on, and diſſected by the Surgeons, whilſt the latter was under the influence of fear, leſt the Critics ſhould get a hold of his friend's Poem, and uſe it in the ſame way.

Whenever the original thoughts ſeem to require any expanſion or explanation, the Editor has ventured to give a note on the Paſſage, and though by doing ſo, he has enlarged the ſubject for the Inciſions of the above-mentioned Gentlemen, he rejoices in the notion of ſharing in his friend's Danger; and rather than ſee him mangled, would take the whole blame upon himſelf, and exclaim with the wretched Niſus——

"*Me, Me, adſum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum!*"

PASTOR EVANGELICUS.

ONCE on a time St. Patrick's Dean,
Miſtake me not, Dean Swift I mean,
With pen unuſually grave
Directions to the Clergy gave,
By which when gone abroad to teach
They might know how to pray and preach;

And with all proper graces win
Poor Mortal Man from ways of ſin.
But even ſin in ſev'nty years
Quite in an alter'd form appears;
Of courſe Swift's rules, it ſtands to reaſon,
Are now completely out of ſeaſon,
And Parſons of the preſent day
Will leave them to the worms a prey,
Nor condeſcend to take in hand
What they can never underſtand;
Or what, ſuppoſe they could, the fact is,
They ne'er would ſtoop to put in practice.
Believing this, I wiſh to make
One loving effort for their ſake,

Since

Since much I long to give renown
To ev'ry Brother of the Gown,
By uſing all my ſkill to diſh up
Advice for Curate and for Biſhop;
And ſuch advice as ſhall not be
Too ſour, ſweet or ſavoury,
But calculated for each palate
Of Deacon, Doctor, Prieſt and Prelate,
Arch-Deacon, Vicar, Dean and ſo forth,
Or Dignified, or one of no worth.
As 'tis on ev'ry hand confeſt
That early leſſons are the beſt,
I ſhall indulge the young Divine
With much the largeſt ſhare of mine;

Becauſe

Becauſe it may be fairly hop'd
That he, who when but newly cropp'd,
If good advice he chance to gain
Will long that good advice retain:
* For as of youthful rogues 'tis ſaid
Honeſt old men are ſeldom made;
So from bad Curates all agree
Good Rectors we as ſeldom ſee.
However bold the Expectation
Of bringing round a Reformation,
And though from fears not quite exempted
I ſtill have courage to attempt it,

* For as, &c. This paſſage is a beautiful imitation of the Latin line: "*Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem*," &c.

For,

For, (and I joy to think upon't)
On Iſis Banks, the Muſe's haunt,
I once a Moral Lecture read,
Beneath the Academic ſhade,
To which each Youth who ſhould have been there
In ſearch of truth, or not be ſeen there,
Attended, and ſaw ev'ry error
Diſplay'd, like pimples in a mirror,
Forſook his ſins, and with contrition
Acknowledg'd me his beſt Phyſician.
Therefore in men of holy mind
I may expect at leaſt to find
As much attention and decorum
To thoſe good Rules now laid before 'em.

I'll

I'll firſt addreſs (there is no harm in't)
A Youth as yet without preferment:—
You, Mr. Dick, have lately got
Your Orders, and I knew you not
In time, or elſe from me you might
Have learn'd your leſſon over night,
And not through want of information
Been ſilent at Examination:
You had not then been ſtagger'd at
A Puzzling querè; ſuch as—what
The whole entire number is
O' the Nine-and-thirty Articles!
But now it's over, and you wonder
How any fool could make a blunder,

Or any one be weak enough
To ſhake with terror at ſuch ſtuff.
Yet ſince you have commenc'd a Parſon
I hope you'll ſtrive to help the farce on,
And not let ev'ry Booby know
How eaſily yourſelf *got through*;
But with your ſolemn garb put on
The gravity of Spaniſh Don;
* And when you ſay your virgin *Grace*
Pray do it with a dingy face,
Look mortify'd inſtead of grateful,
Tho' giving Heav'n thanks for a plate-full.

* Which at firſt will appear as terrible an affair as a Sermon; but cuſtom will teach you to diſpatch it ſo, that neither yourſelf nor any one elſe will mind a word of it.

Let no one make you think that you
Should be both learn'd and rev'rend too:
Rev'rend you are; and muſt have parts,
For you're a Bachelor of Arts;
And if you can Corderius read
*Of further learning have no need.
Juſt as a Pig with horny muzzle
That in a field doth root and nuzzle,
Though ſeeking only for his food,
Is ſure to do the field ſome good;
And thus obtains a double end,
He ſtuffs his paunch and mends the land.

* As a proof that Swift is obſolete, he deſires his Young Clergyman not to diſplay *too much learning*, nor quote *Greek* in his diſcourſes! None of the profeſſion at preſent need ſuch a caution.

So

So he who learns the Latin tongue
Gets Engliſh as he goes along,
Since Latin letters do compoſe
Both Engliſh Verſe and Engliſh Proſe.
* When by your lucky ſtars you have
Got a few City ſouls to ſave,
Remember then, your duty is
To Bury, Marry and Baptize,
To watch the ſick, and not to part 'em
'Till ſent to Heaven, ſecundum artem,

* It would be well for a young man, before he becomes a Curate, to obtain the indulgence of being *Broke-in*; a polite phraſe, which ſignifies practiſing the art of ſaying prayers, at the expence of two or three devout beggars, who go to Church on week days.

Read daily pray'rs in Pariſh Church,
And not leave ſinners in the lurch,
Nor e'er forget, though but for one day,
To preach a Sermon on a Sunday.
Pay no regard to any one
Who praiſes Sheridan upon
* "The Art of Reading," and his Laws on
The proper words one ought to pauſe on.
To me his Rules appear at beſt
Ridiculous from firſt to laſt;
For what connection can there be
'Twixt minding Stops, and Piety?

* Mr. Sheridan, from an inexcuſable confuſion of Ideas, has fallen into one grand miſtake, amongſt many, and that is, imagining that Good Reading is ſtill the ſame, be the Book what it may!

Points,

Points, which, it's evidently ſeen
He makes no difference between.
The Pſalms no Chriſtian heart rejoice,
Unleſs the Reader drop his voice,
And halt at ev'ry verſe's ending,
To Muſic more than ſenſe attending;
Be ſure, Solemnity alone
Depends upon a Whining tone;
Therefore aſſume a mournful carriage
When you proclaim the Bans of marriage;
Nor ever let the *Pathos* fail
To decorate each moving tale
Of Veſtry meetings, call'd to fix on
A new Church-Warden or a Sexton.

One maxim next I give, and ſeek well,
You'll hardly ever find it's equal,
That he who in one day ſhall do
Buſineſs which takes another two,
May likewiſe in two days get o'er
Juſt what would coſt the other four;
Which readily doth ſerve to ſhew
Tis better to be quick than ſlow;
And will convince you that your taſk
Of Bible-reading in the Deſk,
May be curtail'd by many a minute,
If you but haſten when you're in it:

And though your Congregation may
* Not hear a ſyllable you ſay,
Don't you at names Hebraic ſtutter
Which Jewiſh jaws alone could utter;
Read none of them, but paſs 'em by all,
Nor hazard choaking in the trial:
For who's the fool to dwell upon
Beth-Jeſhimoth and Aſkalon!
Or where ſhould one find breath for making
Such words as Jozabad and Jachin!
And when the Litany you come to,
Take care you do not do as ſome do,

* In which caſe your flock may, more ſtrictly ſpeaking, be termed your *Liſteners* than your *Hearers*; and after all it comes to nearly the ſame thing.

Who

Who pray for Lords of Privy Council,
That they may *wiſe* and *good* be found ſtill;
But all who know them, think the words are
A great reflection on the Order;
Omit it therefore, pray, and jog
On, heedleſs of the Catalogue
* Of mortal ſins, which muſt offend
Good ſouls, and ſet their hairs on end.
To viſit ſick men, is, ſome tell you,
The hardeſt thing that can befal you;

* Here, I am afraid, my learned friend is miſtaken; for though every one who repeats the naſty words, Pride, Vain-Glory and Hypocriſy, Envy, Hatred and Malice, perceives himſelf free from the vices alluded to; yet he generally thinks they come pretty home to his Neighbour, and ſhould pray for him out of mere charity.

But

But my advice, I think, will pleaſe you,
By ſhewing there is none ſo eaſy:
As thus——if ſick man lie in garret,
Begin your pray'rs upon the ſtairhead,
No matter what, for praying ſtill
Is praying, ſay what people will;
So read (it muſt promote repentance)
" A pray'r for perſons under ſentence;"
Or that which does it more than any,
* A page of " marriage Ceremony."
To my next Rule, I beg you'll liſten,
For what you ſhould do when you Chriſten:

* On leaving the ſick perſon's room, remember to ſay that " You'll call again when you *come from the country.*" It will ſave the poor people the trouble of ſending to you.

Lop

Lop off, not waiting for their anſwers,

* The "Exhortation to the Sponſors."

There cannot, ſearch the world around,

A greater evil well be found

(Ye Sextons and Grave-diggers hear ye all!)

Than that ſame form of Chriſtian burial;

And 'till the Houſe of C——s ſhall

Religion of all ſorts repeal,

† Of uſeful land ſome thouſand acres

Will bread ſupply to Coffin-makers;

* You may alſo leave out the part in which the meaning of Baptiſm is explained. No one but yourſelf and the Clerk could underſtand it.

† Government would do right to conſider the vaſt extent of Territory loſt to the world by this *abſurd* practice.

However,

However, ſince it hath got footing,
Poor Parſons muſt ſubmit to putting
Each Sinner in a hole as dark as
Pitch, for the Worms to eat his carcaſs.
Soon as the tolling of the bells
The coming of the Corpſe foretells,
Unto the Church-yard haſten ſtraitway,
And get before it to the gate-way;
There loſe no time, but quickly ſet off
Towards the Grave, and pull your hat off;
It ſignifies but little how you
Perform the Service, even tho' you
Leave out the half; the Service read is,

* Not for live men, but him that dead is.

My Rules for preaching now give ear to,
Which none have fail'd who e'er adher'd to:
Of Matter, then, and Manner, briefly—
The Matter you ſhould ſtudy chiefly;
And tho' you may not hope to carry
The prize from Seed or Atterbury,
Yet ſince e'en they did little more
Than ſteal from ſome who ſtole before,
As needs they muſt, or elſe have got
Another kind of Alphabet,

* And "he that dead is" being inattentive to the whole tranſaction going on above ground, you may do what you pleaſe. If it be good *keeping weather*, the true way is to collect your dead Pariſhioners 'till they amount to five or ſix, then make one job of them all, and nothing will be more melancholy and entertaining than the Proceſſion.

For

* For not alone they, but their betters
Muſt work from ſix-and-twenty letters,
And twiſt and turn 'em how they pleaſe
Can neither make them more or leſs,
Then you may plunder other Writers,
It is at worſt but " bite the biters."
However, that you may'nt appear
A *Thief*, inſtead of *Borrower*,
Quote Blair and Porteus *literatim*,
† And copy Tillotſon *verbatim*;

* There muſt be ſome trick in putting theſe letters together, for out of the ſelf-ſame ſet, Biſhop Watſon certainly contrives to make very fine ſpeeches, &c. and Biſhop ——— very bad ones.

† If you have *ſmartneſs*, you might, I ſuſpect, deviſe a method of introducing Satire and Politicks into the Pulpit, by a *witty* application of the Proverbs. This is only a hint.

And tho' Dean Swift may once have ſaid,
" Write Sermons that they can be read,"
The time is chang'd, nor *qualis erat*,
When Swift poor me or thee could jeer at;
Take my directions, and it is one
Much eaſier purſu'd than his one;
'Twill more relieve your mind and help it,
If juſt when going to the Pulpit
To read your Sermon you endeavour,
Which then will have a higher flavour,
And muſt appear to thoſe who hear it
Poſſeſs'd of Double life and ſpirit.
To Manner now, pray give attention,
And benefit by what I mention

Concerning

* Concerning *one* whom ſad ambition
Did urge to figure on a cuſhion.
This Miniſter of many errors
Tried *Eloquence* upon his hearers,

* The unfortunate Gentleman alluded to made himſelf very remarkable as a Preacher of Charity Sermons in Dublin. I cannot help ſaying that he gave me, (and I have often heard him) a clearer notion of thoſe Deteſtable Heathens, Cicero and Demoſthenes, than any Orator I ever liſtened to. His admirers, for he had ſome, do not ſcruple to ſay that his attitudes were the moſt graceful that could be conceived; that his voice had the melody of muſic in it; at one moment thundering indignation on the vices of mankind, and at another trembling in accents of compaſſion for their frailties; but indeed his beſt friends accuſe him of having attracted moſt indecent numbers of people to Church, where ſuch doings uſed before his time to be thought rather ſtrange. I am ſorry he is not placed on the Bench, that his conduct might be more conſpicuous; but I believe his example has deterred people ſufficiently; none of his Brethren have attempted to imitate him.

And

And 'ſtead of ſtanding like a ſpout,
To vomit godly venom out
On Turks and Hereticks; his art
He levell'd at the human heart,
Which he conſider'd as in courſe
The high road to the Owner's *purſe*;
For robbing Chriſtians charitably
Was what no other did ſo ably.
He'd tell in lamentable Ditty
Of Woes he witneſs'd in the City,
Of famiſh'd Babes, and wretched Mothers
In Hovels open to all Weathers—
And thus made many thouſands come
To Church, who elſe had ſtaid at home,

And on them levi'd contributions
For uſeful public inſtitutions;
By which both they who got, and gave,
Did mutually each other ſave.
Now for ſuch deeds this Preacher has
Been prais'd forſooth, but nothing elſe;
Which proves abundantly this truth, that
He hit on but an awkward method
To gain *Preferment*, by o'er-reaching
His Biſhop in the art of Preaching.
For fear ſuch conduct put an end
To all your hopes, I recommend
This Orator to your diſcerning,
Not as a *Model*, but a *Warning*.

In

In manners and in dreſs take care,
Still to appear like what you are;
Have nothing of the *Prig* about you,
That *Beaus* and *Ladies* may not ſcout you;
Though you muſt *mourn*, yet not of ſack-
cloth
* But precious Muſlin, make your Neck-
cloth,
Which ſpread beneath your chin, you'll find
will
Give you the ſemblance of a Wind-mill;
Let both your *Whiſkers* grow, and try for
To cover one eye with your *Beaver*;

* You may thus paſs for an Enſign on leave of abſence, with Grooms, Waiters, &c.

Then

* Then learn *Caſſino*, and to know
A faſhionable toaſt or two,
Read Parodies upon the Pſalms
To free your mind from fooliſh qualms;
Aud ſhould your conſcience give you ſome pain,
† Read Tindal, Shafteſbury and Tom Paine;
Of theſe accompliſhments when Maſter,
You'll be a truly Chriſtian Paſtor;
Of all your friends the admiration,
An honor to your Cloth and Nation.

* If you could learn to *Spar*, and acquire a taſte in tooth-pick caſes and violet-ſoap, it would finiſh you.

† Crebillon might be added to your Library; he has a deal of innocent gaiety about him.

Gone on ſo well, you'll yet go better on,
* And get a Living from your Patron;
Th' affairs of which too high if you rate,
You may and ought to keep a Curate;
And leave the Duty, done or undone,
To him, while you're in Bath or London.
Theſe lines of mine if you regard,
A *Mitre* muſt be your Reward:
And tho' ſome ſay that Mitres are
Attended with a load of care;
And, from the heads on which they drop,
Are fooliſhly inclin'd to hope,
Almoſt as much good ſenſe as can
Be found in heads of common men;

* The Character of *Reverend* will then have taken ſuch deep root in you, that you may be as vicious as a Foot-pad without endangering ſuſpicion.

Yet

Yet by ſuch folks more is exacted
Than ſhould in reaſon be expected;
For they who wear 'em, I can aver,
Leſs need of good-ſenſe have than ever:
A very, very little ſenſe ſhall
Make any Biſhop conſequential.
As ſuch pray let your Lordſhip ſhew
* Your Dignity where'er you go;
Nor at your Dioceſs appear
For more than three weeks in a year;
And don't demean yourſelf, I charge you,
By bowing to Inferior Clergy;

* At a Book Auction, you can ſometimes have a fine opportunity of inſulting any paltry Curate who may happen to be there, by offering money to the amount of his year's ſalary for an *Elzevir*.

And when you have a Benefice
To give away, remember this
O'erlook the claims of men of worth,
While you've a Couſin left on Earth.
Allow'd to ſit in Parliament,
Your Lordſhip ſcarce will be content
With ſitting, but will ſometimes urge
The *good old cauſe* of Mother Church,
And ſometimes too begin a ſtir
In favour of the *Miniſter*;
When doing this, a Bible pull out,
* And thence ſome apt quotations cull out,

* For inſtance, St. Paul in ſupport of modern meaſures, "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges?"

From

From which it will appear this Nation
But ſuffers gentle caſtigation;
Thus proving that our Rulers are
True heav'nly men; and we at War
For our own Sins, and they but ſent
To ſuperviſe our puniſhment.
I can no more, nor would I, could I;
Wherefore in hopes that you will ſtudy
All my directions, and take care well
To follow them; I bid you *farewell.*

THE END.

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